

The Anderson Intelligencer.

BY CLINKSCALES & LANGSTON.

ANDERSON, S. C., WEDNESDAY MORNING, JULY 27, 1892.

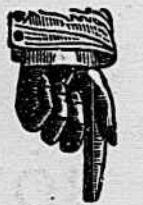
VOLUME XXVII.—NO. 4.

VINEGARS!

We have in Vinegars the very Best Qualities obtainable and at Reasonable Prices.

Apple Older Vinegar—four years old.
White Wine Vinegar—extra quality.
Claret Vinegar—for table use.
West India Spiced Vinegar—our specialty.
Our Spiced Vinegar is made from Pure Grape Wine Vinegar, boiled down with West India Spices. The combination of imported Spices for the production of this Fine Vinegar has been skillfully made, after many years of experiment. The result is an absolutely perfect Spiced Vinegar, retaining the delicious flavor and delightful fragrance of West India Spices. It is the only Vinegar you can buy, warm or cold, that will throw off the same fragrance and flavor as when cold. Especially desirable for Meats and Vegetables. When used to make Spiced Beef or Spiced Onions it will satisfy the most fastidious taste.

TAYLOR & CRAYTON,
42 Granite Row.



Special Sale

— TO CLOSE —

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS,

In order to clear out all kinds of Goods to make room for a new Fall Stock.

WE have decided to make the people of Anderson an offer to secure good, first-class Goods

AT AND BELOW COST.

WE MEAN JUST WHAT WE SAY—all Summer Goods to go regardless of what they are worth.

Embroideries, Laces, Lawns,
Muslins, Bedford Cords, Challies,
And, in fact, a nice clean Stock of Spring Goods.

A big lot of REMNANTS, all kinds of Goods, to close.

Now is your time to get the Childrens' Winter Clothes cheap.

Come and see me.

W. A. CHAPMAN, Agent,
Next to Masonic Temple.

LITERALLY WASHED WITH BLOOD.

Police do their Duty without respect to Persons.

The Wall Still Covered with Bloody Gore.

THE fight was on South Main Street at the Bazaar and Ten Cent Stores of C. S. Minor & Co. It was an attack of the combined forces of seven other merchants on the famous C. S. Minor. They fought in defence of their prices, which they claimed had been crushed out of all respectability by the said C. S. Minor, and they fought with desperation to restore the former prices, but down they go in the dead of the fight, and their blood on our Store-front only is left to tell a pitiful tale of war.

Stranger than Strange.

One man claimed that we had reduced the price of Pants to 25c. and 50c. per pair—less than cost to make. We don't care. Another claimed that we sell the best quality Mason Fruit Jar at less than he can buy the second quality. We don't care for that, either.

Another said our 10c. Hosiery was the same that he had sold at 15c., or two pair for 25c. and that we sold his 15c. Suspenders at 10c. and his 25c. Suspenders at 15c. Well, what of that?

Another man believes that we are selling his 40c. Cups and Saucers for 30c., and his 35c. Plates at 25c. Why should we care? A certain millinery man thinks we have knocked him out of more than a hundred sales. We don't have to pay a milliner, and he don't believe we pay for our goods. What claims is that of his?

Another man claims that we sell Tobacco at a starvation price. Has he any right to object?

There are some of the complaints made against us. We ask you whose business it is, if not that of our customers and ourselves? Can't we make such figures as we see fit without being hounded down and forced to fight for our lives? We'll fight to the death—we'll put their blood on our walls and their scalps on our doors, and their customers in possession of undoubted bargains. Say, would you wash that blood off the wall, or would you let it stay as a warning?

Yours for Spot Cash,

C. S. MINOR, THE BAZAAR and the 10c. STORE.

CANE MILLS, EVAPORATORS AND COTTON GINS!

WE are agents for the celebrated **Kentucky Cane Mills and Hall Self-Feeding Cotton Gins.** It will pay any person to call and see our Machinery and get our prices before buying, as we feel assured we can save you money, and can sell you on easy terms. We can bottom and repair old Evaporators, making them as good as new at a small cost.

We also manufacture Smoke Stacks, Spark Arresters and Suction Pipes, which every farmer should have, as it saves time, labor and expense.

Our Stock of **Stoves, Tinware, Crockery and House Furnishing Goods** is complete.

We have a large supply **MASON FRUIT JARS and TIN CANS** which are going cheap. It will pay you to buy as soon as possible, as Fruit Jars are going to be scarce and higher latter part of season.

Call and see our Cherry Seeders, Apple and Peach Peelers—something that every household should have. It saves much time and labor, and are so very cheap.

When you come to Town be sure to call and see us. We will make it to your interest to buy your Goods from us.

All kinds **ROOFING and GUTTERING** done on short notice, and in a thorough workmanlike manner.

Yours very truly,

PEOPLES & BURRISS.

SEASON OF 1892.

Womens' Misses' and Childrens' Fine OXFORD TIES!

Duchess, Langtry, Brighton, Elite, Souvenir,
Theo, Adonis, Everett and Southern Ties.

Juliet, Strap, House and Opera Slippers.

YACHTING and LAWN TENNIS SHOES.

J. A. S. COSSETT & CO.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Boots and Shoes,
Anderson, S. C., under Hotel Chiquila.

TEACHERS' COLUMN.

All communications intended for this Column should be addressed to C. WARDLAW, School Commissioner, Anderson, S. C.

MEMORY GEMS.

"None can love freedom heartily but good men; the rest love not freedom but license."

We are out on our rounds, and you may expect us at any time.

The State Teachers' Association was a genuine success. We will tell you more of it next week.

We publish below an article from the pen of Mr. M. N. Mitchell. Having had a conversation with him and learned his ideas on the subject, we asked him to write them up for one of our papers. This he did and published it in the *People's Advocate*. We republish, hoping that it may be read more extensively.

HOW MAY COUNTRY SCHOOLS BE MADE BETTER.

MR. EDITOR: There is a feeling widely prevalent that our country schools, as a rule, are not what they ought to be, and the question is often asked: How may they be made better?

It is the object of this article, in a measure, to answer this question, and as the time is so near at hand when teachers must be employed and arrangements made for opening the schools for another year, we hope every individual who is interested in the country schools will give the matter his careful consideration. If we expect to hold our proper place in the grand procession of the world's progress we must have better common schools. In discussing this subject we will notice:

1. The manner of employing teachers, and will say that it is radically wrong. A community feels the need of a school, and after some little effort, probably finds a teacher who promises her services on condition that the school is sufficiently large to pay her. To ascertain this she is requested to write out her articles, in which she agrees for a definite number of months to teach at a certain rate per scholar. The requisite number of scholars are ascertained, and the patrons congratulate themselves that almost without any effort on their part they are going to have a good school, thinking that about all that is necessary for them to do is to send along the scholars at the time which will best suit their convenience. But the school does not at all prove a success. At one time it is exceedingly small and weak and lifeless and listless; at another time it is overflowing and a babel of confusion; and so irregular is the attendance that it is justice to the pupils hardly any two can be retained in the same class. To expect satisfactory results under such conditions would be a most unreasonable presumption. This state of things arises from the fact that patrons think that just to see them out the time they subscribe it makes no difference how they do it. Let us illustrate: A subscribes two scholars to a school for a term of eight months. The school opens in November or December. About the first of the following May the school vacates and is resumed in July. Previous to vacation the school has been in session about five and one-half months, and during all this time A has not sent to school a day, his only excuse being that he has had so much for his children to do that he could not send them to school. To make up for this lost time he sends half a dozen children the remaining two and one-half months, and this about makes out his time. When he has done this he flatters himself he has done his duty to his children, his teacher, and his community. With such plans and such notions no wonder country schools are often a failure. From what we have said above, which must be admitted as true by those who are at all acquainted with the working of country schools, we must come to the conclusion that there ought to be some other plan of employing teachers. The one that commends itself is the salary plan. It seems to us to be one that is both sensible and just. The teacher's services are worth so much a month, and she should receive what her services are worth as well as the laborer on the farm or the clerk in the store; and if she does not receive plenty of material to work on it is not her fault. But if this plan were adopted we do not believe she would lack for material.

If, for instance, a community were able to afford a school of forty pupils, and it were to cost as much to have only twenty pupils in a school as the forty we believe the forty would be there, since it would be evident to every one that the larger the school the cheaper the tuition would be. That this is not mere theory but facts, we might mention several schools in our County that have adopted this plan of employing teachers, and in every instance, as far as we have been able to ascertain, has proved a grand success.

2. We cannot reasonably expect satisfactory results in our country schools it makes no difference how faithful, untiring and efficient the teacher may be, or however regular the attendance of the pupils, unless we have good school houses, and rightly arranged as to light and ventilation, proper accommodation for seating pupils, etc. Some country schools are extremely open and cold in winter, and with badly lighted from the fact that the windows are too few and too small, while in the summer they are so oppressively hot that it is next to impossible to stay in them. Moreover there is not a shade or screen to intercept the blinding and dazzling rays of the sun as they come streaming through the windows, and shine with full force and glare right into the eyes of the pupils. Then, instead of comfortable desks with convenient seats attached, there are a few long benches, without backs, it may be, some too high and some too low, constructed with a view, it would seem, to insure scholastic legs, a permanent curvature of the spine, stooped shoulders and contracted chests. As to books, slates, pencils, paper and pens it seems never to have occurred to the patrons of country

schools that there must be a place for such things. The best thing that can be done under such circumstances is to drive a number of nails and hooks around the walls of the house to hang slates upon; and to get their books and slates from them pupils must be continually running across the floor to the great annoyance of the teacher and the distraction of the other pupils.

3. A great many parents seem to think that the teacher ought to do good work without their co-operation, further than sending their children to school and furnishing them with such books and stationery as may be necessary. They do not trouble their minds to learn anything about the progress of their children, or even to give them a word of encouragement. As to visiting the school they act as if they thought it would be unpardonable sin to do such a thing. Again, there are other parents who severely criticize the teacher's methods before their children if those methods are not in accord with their preconceived notion of what school methods should be. It is needless to add that much effort of the teacher in instructing the children of such parents will be lost. We will close this article by recapitulating:

1. Employ a real live, energetic, progressive teacher.
2. Build a good school house and furnish it with proper furniture and apparatus.
3. Give the teacher your heartiest sympathy, encouragement and co-operation. Use your authority to help enforce the will of the teacher. Take the pains to let the teacher know that in all her work you appreciate her efforts.

M. N. MITCHELL.

Concerning Dynamite.

Very few people have a correct idea of what dynamite is, of what it is made, and the uses to which it is put. To the French belongs the honor of its discovery and its practical use.

Nitro glycerine is the force of all high explosives. Dynamite is the name most usually given to these explosives, though other names are sometimes used.

Dynamite is simply nitro-glycerine mixed with various ingredients. Nitro-glycerine is made by mixing sulphuric and nitric acid with sweet glycerine, the same that is used by the ladies to prevent chapped hands. Mixing the acids and glycerine is where the great danger lies in the making of nitro glycerine. The mixing tank, or agitator, as it is called by dynamite makers, is a large steel tank, filled inside with many coils of lead pipe, through which, while the mixing is in progress, a constant flow of ice water is maintained. This flow of ice water is used to keep the temperature of the mix below 85°, as above that point it would explode, and a hole in the ground would mark where the factory had been.

The nitro glycerine is stored in large earthenware tanks, which are usually sunk in the ground to guard against blows or severe concussion.

The other ingredients for making dynamite are: Nitrate of soda, which is found only in Chile, carbonate of magnesia and wood pulp.

Dynamite is put in paper shells usually 1 1/2 inches in diameter and 8 inches in length, and weighs about one-half pound to each shell or cartridge. It has largely taken the place of black powder for blasting, as it is many hundreds of times stronger, and consequently more economical. It is used chiefly in mining all kinds of ores, coal and rock, and submarine. Without its aid many railroads, especially those crossing the Rocky Mountains, could not have been constructed; without it, Hell Gate in New York harbor could not have been destroyed, and without it the miner, at prices now paid for mining ores, could not earn his bread.

Dynamite will not explode from any ordinary fall or jar; it will burn without explosion, and freezes at 42° above ordinary freezing point. The bomb of Anarchist is made of metal or glass and filled with pure nitro glycerine arranged so as to explode by severe contact with any hard object. These bombs are, of course, never made by a reputable dynamite factory.

Five or six millions of dollars are invested in the manufacture of dynamite in the United States, and its use is constantly on the increase. The fumes of nitro-glycerine produce intense headaches, which can be cured by taking a very small dose of it internally.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—There's a good deal of guarantee business in the store keeping of to-day. It's too excessive. Or too reluctant. Half the time it means nothing. Words—only words.

This offer to refund the money, or pay a reward, is made under the hope that you won't want your money back, and that you won't claim the reward. Of course.

So, whoever is honest in making it, and works—not on his own reputation alone, but through the local dealer, whom you know, he must have something he has faith in back of the guarantee. The business would not stand a year without it.

What is lacking is confidence. Back of that, what is lacking is that clear honesty which is above the "average practice."

Dr. Pierce's medicines are guaranteed to accomplish what they are intended to do, and their makers give the money back if the result isn't apparent.

Doesn't it strike you that a medicine which the makers have so much confidence in, is the medicine for you.

—To be able to remember names appears to be a valuable accomplishment of politics. A man in a great wholesale establishment in Chicago is said \$7,000 a year just for remembering names. His business is to speak to every one who comes in by name and to introduce the customer to the clerk of the department sought. If he does not introduce the person to the clerk by name the clerk is expected to find out the name and communicate it quietly to the gentleman near the door, who bids him and her goodbye by name. This always flatters the people, and they come back again.

NORTH GEORGIA.

A Carolinian's Description of How The People Celebrate the "Glorious Fourth" up There.

MESSRS. EDITORS. Notwithstanding the rain in the early part of the day, and the general mud all around, the Fourth of July was perhaps the greatest day ever witnessed in Tryon. The day opened up with a showery appearance, but by 10 o'clock the clouds cleared away to some extent and the rain ceased and the people began to come in from every direction and in every conceivable mode of travel until the town was full to overflowing, and by 11 o'clock there were some three or four thousand people in town and assembled at the "grand stand" to listen to the speaking, which was the first part of the program.

The subjects discussed on the stand were "The Improved Order of Red Men," "Ancient Freemasonry," "Odd Fellows," and so on. I could not hear much of the speaking, but kept my gun going around gathering all I could from the so-called renowned Georgia cracker, some of which was quite amusing. I saw a young man with his best girl sitting off to one side on a log; I was showing her his picture that he had had taken. She was looking quite pleased at it, and I heard her say as I passed by, "Now, Jeems, I know in reason you has had this here likeness drawn for me; now haist ye? Say yes, and I'll take it straight to mam and show her how good ye looks," but I couldn't tell—bether Jim consented or not, but I think he did. Another instance was very amusing. That was a regular mountain backwoods cracker who came in on an ox wagon, bringing his "old 'oman and two grown daughters with him. They met up with an old acquaintance whom they had probably not seen in some time. The old man said: "Nancy, do you know who this is?" "Why no, John," said she, "who is it?" "Why this Bill Price," said he. "Well, well," said she, "is that you Bill. I wouldn't have known ye from a side of sole leather. Well, how is Martha and the children, and is ye got any manefact terbacker or long with ye?" "Yes," says he, and he out with half a pack, remarking as he handed it to her, that "that was some as good as she ever stuck a tooth in." The old lady took a chew and handed it to the old man and he bit off a chew. Then the girls had to have a "chaw," too, and they all praised Bill's terbacker considerably as they rummaged on it and spit out the "ham gravy," as old uncle Joe Scott used to say.

There is no use of trying to keep a genuine Georgia Cracker from enjoying himself when he has set his head on a day's enjoyment, for he is going to have it, and I reckon it's alright, for we all need a little recreation and amusement occasionally.

There was but very little whiskey drinking, and the very best of order throughout the day. There was not the least friction or disturbance of any kind to mar the enjoyment which they all seemed bent on having and did have. I love to see a big crowd of people get together and have a full day's enjoyment—it looks neighborly, and is a sign that the world is growing better morally.

The chief attraction of the day, as announced in the various county papers around here, was to be a balloon ascension by that greatest of Southern aeronauts, Prof. W. T. Rosell, of Piedmont, S. C. It looked as if we would be disappointed in the balloon ascension in the early part of the day, but as before stated it failed up by noon, so that by 3 o'clock the Professor had everything in good shape, and after bidding his friends farewell, his humble correspondent hooked his parachute on to the balloon and turned it loose and it shot up through the air like a bird turned loose, until it reached a height variously estimated at from one to two thousand feet. As he ascended he made some of the most skillful as well as daring performances on the trapeze ever witnessed by human eyes. In this he is certainly an expert. So far as your correspondent is informed, Prof. Rosell stands at the head of American aeronauts and general trapeze performances in mid-air. The balloon ascension was one of the most successful ever witnessed, and gave entire satisfaction to all of the thousands of spectators present. The Prof. did not go as high as he wished to go, and wanted to make it again, but the crowd was satisfied and would not listen to him making another ascension, so they repaired to the speaker's stand again to hear a lecture or speech on the "Eastern Star," and passed off the balance of the day in various amusements, such as base ball games, paralyzing the coon, etc., etc., and some say they tipped the light fantastic too later on in the day, but I didn't see it, but I did see a young couple's fellow on the platform at the speaker's stand in the forenoon, while the band was playing, trying to cut the "Georgia buck," as the boys call it. He seemed to feel jolly all over, for I think he had been sucking around some of the blinding tigers from his actions, and was having a fine time all to himself.

So much for the old-fashioned "Fourth of July" celebration, of that is what it was. It reminded me of the big barbecue I was at when I was a boy, at Ocracoke, and I think on the fourth of July, 1850, when the Hon. Jas. L. Orr was running for Congress in our District and was elected, but it looks like those good old times have vanished in our State since the present administration came in power, for they don't teach anything but stunts and discord, and so on of all the vocabulary in that line, until it gives out and then they try to manufacture more words to increase the bitterness already engendered, all to try to hold the ill-gotten power now in their possession, but relying on the good judgment, the moral qualities and the general determination of (I believe) a majority of the good people of the old Palmetto State we will pull the old ship of State once more to a safe and happy landing, with those true and veteran in the cause of liberty—of peace and of good and conservative government, the Hon. John C. Sheppard and Jas. L. Orr. No better selection for our standard bearers could have been made in the State than these true

and tried sons of liberty, and if we will all do our duty they are bound to lead us to victory. That is your humble servant's opinion, and will be until the contrary is demonstrated by the ballot. Sons of liberty! men of old Carolina! stop and reflect for a moment and you will surely see the ruin to which our beloved old State is fast going. Then, fellow-citizens, let us go to the rescue with the safe leaders we have, and we surely can win.

We are having fine rains here and the corn crop is just splendid, but cotton is not so good. Wheat and oats were fine, but like we are in Carolina, they don't plant enough of the cereals.

Murrah! for Cleveland and Stevenson and Sheppard and Orr, and—adieu, Green!

W. F. L.
Tryon Factory, Ga., July 5th, 1892.

The Last Shot Fired in Anderson County.

Much has been printed recently in the papers on this subject, and the affair at Columbus, Ga., about the 16th of April, 1865, is supposed by some to be the last known hostile shot fired east of the Mississippi. All other shots after that time are considered as coming from bush whackers. The Columbus skirmish was the last so far as Georgia is concerned, but not elsewhere.

In a recent issue of your paper, you announced the arrival of Mr. John B. Lewis, of Anderson, S. C., in Dahlgren, on his way to Porter Springs. Mr. Lewis was born in Dahlgren. His coming here brings to mind an incident of the war, which occurred on the first day of May, 1865, which I witnessed, and in which Mr. Lewis, then a young lad, participated.

After the surrender I returned to my home, at that time in Greenville, S. C. The Federals did not occupy the place until about the last days of April, 1865. An armistice of two weeks took place after the surrender, during which time a large force of Federal cavalry was stationed at Asheville, N. C. The town of Greenville was without any sufficient government, military or civil. The colored people were growing restless, and there were threatenings of violence. In fact, one or more large warehouses had been already plundered. It was thought best to organize a military company to keep order until the Federals arrived. Capt. A. D. Hoke, of the Butler Guards, since deceased, was made Captain, and Dr. John A. Broadus and the writer were Lieutenants. There being no military officer in charge of Confederate property, it was thought best for the writer, being a member of the South Carolina Legislature at the time, to open the State armory and arm the citizens, which he did briefly, with Morse breech loading guns, distributing at the same time all the ammunition to be found in the armory. One hundred guns were then distributed.

This company took charge of the place until the Federals arrived. On the day they were to march in, the company thus improvised, marched out five miles on the Asheville road to meet and escort them into town. While resting at a branch near the Stone house, we heard the firing of guns in and about the premises of Captain William Choate, about a quarter of a mile up the road. A negro scout arrived and informed us that Mr. Joe Choate, who was well known in former years about Dahlgren, had been killed by the Yankees, while attempting to keep them from carrying off his horse which he had brought with him from the war. His nephew, Wm. Choate, whose tragic life in Georgia is well remembered, was standing with me at the moment. The news produced some excitement in our ranks. Dr. Broadus turned and remarked to me that he thought it best for me to return to town and escape arrest for a few days, inasmuch as I had taken the responsibility of moving the arms from the armory, and being a member of the Legislature, I would likely be sent to prison, as had been the case with a number of North Carolina members.

Following the doctor's advice I returned to town, and in company with the late Gen. W. K. Easley, a member from Pickens, and one or two other persons we passed over close to the Saluda River.

The Citadel and Arsenal Cadets, commanded by Colonel Thomas, had never disbanded. They had been defending the forts above Greenville, and the some fortifications of the Federal cavalry had retreated to Greenville, intending to return to a body to their respective parents, and resume their studies. From Greenville they undertook the march to Anderson, a distance of thirty miles. Young John B. Lewis, as well as a brother of Professor Gaillard, of Dahlgren, was in the company.

On the first of May, my little party of civilians were close to the Cadets, when they reached a farm house, believed now to be Mr. Fraser's. At the well, in front of the house, inside the fence, the boys bivouacked, sleeping arms, laid themselves down and were asleep. My party were close by in a pine thicket, but in sight of the Cadets. Things were in this situation when a body of cavalry, fifty or more in number, came down the road from the direction of Pikesville. They were evidently in quest of horses, and were led on by a renegade citizen of that section. The noise of horses' hoofs and clanking of swords, sabres, and carbines, awakened the cadets, who immediately rose with their rifles in their hands, and began firing through the rail fence, somewhat at random. Several fired their guns in the air. One cavalryman fell out of the saddle, when the remainder turned and fled up the road in the direction they came. The wounded man was carried to the hospital at Greenville, where he was confined several months, but finally got well. He was, I believe, from Michigan, and returned on several occasions afterwards to Greenville.

The cadets disbanded that day and returned to their homes, instead of going to Columbia and Charleston. Up to that time they had never surrendered or disbanded.

I believe that to be the last hostile shot fired at Yankee soldiers from an organized body of Southern men or boys east of the Mississippi. Many of these lads had under fire at the hard fought fight at Sugar Hill, on the coast of South Carolina.

W. P. PRICE.

A Visit to South Carolina.

EDITORS ANDERSON INTELLIGENCER.—There is a charm that is almost inexpressible about one's native State, city or town. It has been my privilege recently to visit my native State—royal little South Carolina, of which I am proud; and as I was nearing its borders, which I had not crossed for several years, that feeling came over me that is entirely inexpressible. To see the hills and mountains, the valleys, with their beautiful grain, with to bring back childhood and girlhood's dreams, (which I will say are a decided pleasure to her, though not realized.) In taking the train from Atlanta (the Air Line), we noticed changes had taken place, the conductors were new faces, and altogether it did not seem as it used to.

But, I remember that it was a wonder to me that people in search of pleasure and beautiful scenery did not, instead of going across the ocean, visit our own beautiful mountain country—the beautiful springs of Gainesville, Ga., and as we go farther South the falls of Tallulah, which are simply grand in their natural beauty. In gazing at such beauty one is reminded that we live in a world that is far more beautiful than we deserve. Just look at the picture: A deep ravine, hundreds of feet high, shaded on either side with oaks not surpassed in any other clime; and flowers, ferns and rocks that are hung with moss, just at the head of which is the falls, whose clear water and misty vapor will make you stand as though you are in a dream, that is too lovely to be real. A few more miles farther is Mount Airy, where in the summer a blanket is deemed light covering, and it is made delightful to those that wander that way. We stopped at Seneca, a lovely little town in South Carolina, and found the place looking quite natural—the people just as polite and cordial as they used to be. From there we took the train to Pendleton, one of the oldest and most picturesque towns in the upper part of the State, many houses built many years since for summer residences still stand, which, with the lovely lawns dotted here and there with flowers and shade, suggests comfort to the resident. The park, with its water oaks which spread their branches as no other tree dare try, is a retreat for the children and young people in the afternoons. Everything speaks comfort. Four miles from this place is my father's beautiful home, "Mountain View," which is certainly the right name. The view is, when it is clear, perfectly grand. For miles you look over a vast valley, and then a ridge of mountains, just beyond that another, and back of that still another, all of which speak of God's wonderful works, each towering in their natural grandeur and beauty, and which creates almost a feeling of awe, a living fear for the Creator of such sublimity.

Our stay at this home of comfort, where loving parents see that every want is gratified, seemed of such short duration I will say that my visit to them will be looked back to as one of the sweetest spots in my life. The Saturday and Sunday service that I attended in the country Church was one that also will be remembered, especially in the afternoon when the service was held in a barn. The men had fixed seats, unpolished and without backs, and a common square table for a desk, with a pitcher of water, a glass and a Bible on it. The floor was swept clean, and in one corner was grain of some kind, covered with quilts. There was a splendid service, entered into with the Spirit to aid them. Almost every man in the house lifted his voice in prayer, and when the singing was commenced, and anyone hearing it would have said, "it is in earnest." We had our fine Churches and only a few blocks to go, instead of five miles, are not thankful enough.

The service in the barn was of great benefit to me. To see people so eager to hear the Word that they will fix such a place and ask for the word to be preached! How many of us are thirsting for the Word?

In visiting Anderson, the city of my school days, I found many changes. It has grown so beautiful, with its lovely shade of water oaks, and its overhanging the fences which enclose the beautiful modern residences, or the old homes, which almost make us think we are young again. I was entertained royally by my sisters and brothers that I had not seen for four years, and whose children have grown entirely out of my knowledge.

Time has wrought changes in these children of theirs, and the guardian angel has carried the prayers of their loving parents to a Father's home from where beauty and grace can only come.

I did not spend only a short time at each place, but will say that to me every anticipation was realized. Another short stay at Pikesville, C. H., was enjoyed equally as well. The beauty of this place consists in the mountainous scenery, which is simply grand. Then to Oxford, Ala., which is situated in a lovely valley, and is a just "too picturesque for anything." Its "yes," willows and water-oaks, with the hills on either side, should be seen by all who start out for pleasure. We were sorry to leave such beauty and loving relations, but did; and returned to Atlanta, and were met at the train by my former pastor and his wife, who were equal to all that I had met before in their entertainments.

I am back in my adopted State, and it seems almost a dream that such a pleasure has been mine—to visit those that to me were so kind. May you all prosper in your little State, and if you do not, come to "Texas Great."

J. E. G.

Dallas, Texas.

Bucklens Arnica Salvo

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W. P. PRICE.

BILL ARP'S TALK.

He Disputes an old Saying.

Atlanta Constitution.

The wise man said that "a living dog is better than a dead lion," and he explains by saying that "the living lion must die, but the dead lion know nothing, neither have they any more a reward and the memory of them is forgotten."

That may be true in the abstract, but still I would rather be a dead lion than the average dog. Dead lions are scarce, but living dogs are numerous. Dead lions were once alive and if we compare them with human beings they were a power in the land and the memory of them is not forgotten.

Obituaries, epitaphs and eulogies upon the dead are to the average reader uninteresting literature. Biography will do pretty well, but an obituary comes so close on to the funeral that it smacks of death, and death is never a welcome subject. We haven't got time to consider death. We will see the old fellow later. But when great men or good men pass away it is well for us to stop a little while and contemplate their lives. We don't know what comfort it will give them in the spirit world—whether any or none—or whether they hear us or not or can read our thoughts but there is enough in nature and revelation for us to believe that the spirits of the dead are very near us and are intensely concerned in everything that we do. But whether we believe this or not, it is good for the living to contemplate the life work of good men and good women who have gone before. Whether they be few or